

A
LETTER OF
Mr. Casaubon.

WITH
A MEMORIAL

OF

Mrs Elizabeth Martin,
late deceased.

MICAH 7.8.

*Reioyce not against mee, O mine Enemy;
when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in
Darkenesse, the LORD shall be a Light
unto me.*

O te Beatum Cespitem tanto Hospite!
O cui invidere cuncta possint Marmora!

LONDON,
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GEORGE NORTON. 1615.



ADMODVM
REVEREND. ET
ILLVSTTRIBVS
VIRIS,

DN^o. IOHANNI,
EPISCOPO
SODORENSI;

DN^o. CLEMENTI
THROGMORTON

DN^o. IOHANNI
REPINGTON

Equitibus Auratis.

DN^{is} & Amicis Honorandis:

L. M. Q.

D. D. D.



To the Reader.



Appening vpon this Letter of
Mr. CASAUBON *in Marseilles*,
(writ (as may appeare) vpon Ex-
traordinary Occasion) together
with some Funerall Lines, which
(in regard of the * Subiect) were

*Quia Tibi
defunctis
in Christo
morseus
pess?*

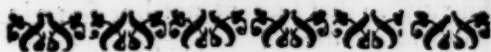
a *Piaculum* to smother; I here offer them to thy
courteous view. It is Piety (saith *Naz.*) to
publish the deceaseds Vertues; yea, it is a
meanes to increase grace in our owne
selues. *Vale; & sanctas Vmbas, Ani-*
maſq; placè diuinam, quâ per
est Veneratione,
sequere.

I. M.


Eruditissimo & Magnæ Spei
Adolescenti, (* *) Amico
Singulari & Honorando.

Binas paucis diebus à te accepi : priores rei magnitudine quam narrabant dederunt me in stuporem : nunc certissimum Miraculum quæ scribis continent. Caterum à Deo sit si hæc an dñi sũ Tempus nostrum non est pronuntiare, illorum est qui rei gestasuerunt aut testes aut testium familiares, quiq; de eo quod accidit præiudicium, peritiam habent voluntatis diuina circa miracula. Quare præstantissimis Theologis illustris Academia vestra hoc rebus relinquo tractandum : mihi volupe fuit cognoscere nũ : illi querant nũ. Quod si quid ab aliquo eorum fuerit super ea re sane mirabili scriptum, magnam inieris à me gratiam si id mecum communicaueris. Ego Operi instituto Dei gratiâ finem his diebus imposui ; iamq;
me

me habet cura illiberalis de conficiendis in-
dicibus: quos confecit homo & doctus & bo-
nus, sed ei negotio parum aptus: itaq; magna
pars illius opera in humeros meos recidit, pra-
sertim quod ad Auctorum indicem qui vel il-
lustrantur vel emendantur in hoc opere. Ha-
bebunt mei inimici in quo exerceant: irrita-
ui enim totam *κατασκευασμένην*, eo quidem a-
lacrius, quia confido non defuturos mihi in
Anglia defensores aduersus illorum putidas
calumnias. Iam vir insignis, Rector Pride-
aux, eximio opusculo declarauit quodnam es-
set doctorum in hoc regno de meis studijs iu-
diciū. Itaq; amorem, vestrum plaris facio
quam omnes omnium *κατασκευασμένην*.
Sed moror te. Hoc tantum addam, optare me
scire quibus in studijs nunc sis, & quid porro
mediteris. Vale & me ama vir eruditissime,
2, ... *κατασκευασμένην*, Londini. VI. Eid. Feb. incunte
ante paucas horas Natali meo LVII. τῇ 24ῃ τοῦ
πολυαίου θιῶ qui utinā quod praterijt vita mea,
teget; quod sapere est regat. *κατασκευασμένην*.



The same Englished.

To his Singular and Honored Friend, &c.

I Receiued lately two Letters from you : The first transform'd me wholly into Wonder: without doubt the thing you write of, is miraculous : But WHENCE, I cannot affirme. They may best coniecture, that were Eye-witnesses, or of their neereſt acquaintance, & they that haue the Spirit of Discerning, &c. In which regard I leaue the diſcuſſing thereof to the Moſt Excellent Diuines of your Illuſtrious Vniuerſity. The *Knowledge* of it was pleaſing to me ; the *Cauſe* I referre to them, whoſe Iudgements on ſuch an Admirable Euent, I ſhould be very glad to heare. I haue at length (by Gods Helpe) ended my Work (*againſt BARONIVS*) and am now buſie in gathering the *Index* of Authors that are *Illustrated* or *Corrected*. I haue ſtirred a whole Hornets-neſt of *Aduerſaries*; the more confidently

fidently, in that I doubt not but some in
 England wil defend my Name from their
 base and vnflavory Calumnies. Mr. Do-
 ctor *Prideaux* hath lately shew'd in an Ex-
 cellent Worke, what the Learned of this
 Kingdome iudge of my Labours. Your
 Loue is of more force with me, then all
 the Spirits of Detraction, I desire to
 heare further from you, &c.

LONDON, the VI. of the Ides of Fe-
 bruary: the 56th yeare of my Age, by the
 Grace of my Mercifull God, whom I be-
 seech to couer what is past, and gouerne
 what is to come.

{ *Iacobus Martynus.* }
 Λεγομενιστικος.
 { *Casauboni Myrtus.* }

ISAACVS MARTINVS,
 GERMANVS, fecit.

TO THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFUL AND WOR-
THY, MY MOST ENDEA-
RED AND EVER HONO-
RED MOTHER-IN-
LAW, MISTRESSE
MARY GREY;

I

CONSECRATE THIS, DEVOTE
MY SELFE, WISH ALL
THE COMFORTS AND
BLESSINGS OF THIS
LIFE, AND A CROVNE
OF GLORY IN
THE NEXT.

D. O. M. S.

LECTISS. FÆMÆ.
NÆ. CONUGI.
SEMPER. COLENDÆ.
ET. VSQVE. ET. VS-
QVE. DEFLENDÆ.

DNæ. *Elisabethæ. Martinæ.*
SVFFOLCIENSI.
SINGVLARI. SEXVS.
SVI. ORNAMENTO. E. NO-
BILL. GRAIORVM. PROSA-
PIA. ORIVNDÆ. AETER-
NÆ. BEATITVDINIS.
CANDIDATÆ. CVIVS. COR-
PVS. GLORIOSÆ. RESVRRECTIO-
NIS. EXPECTATIONE. HIC
QVIESCIT.

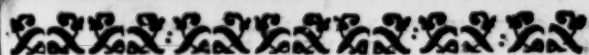
I. M.

MARITVS. MOESTISSIMVS.
HOC. PIETATIS. SVÆ.
QVALECVNQVE.
SYMBOLVM.

L. M. Q. P.

*Climax una
fam. senaria
desinit.*

*Piissimè in Christo obdormiuit (ex Occulta Tabæ) A° MDCXIV
Decembris 7. etat. 24. Vitæ Climacterico.
Ætæ ætatis lxx.*



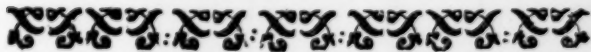
On the Decease of my Incom-
parable Sister, Mistresse
ELIZABETH MARTIN.

TO the deare *Memory* of the *most Deare*,
I set apart this Inke, more sad then Teares;
These are the Cypresse-branches that I beare,
The mourning Habit that my sad Soule wears:
This the Impresa that my Sorrow beares:
If This, not feelingly define my Smart,
Tis not defect of Woe, but want of Skilfull Art.

Within the Center of my Troubled Soule,
A Monument vnto thy Name I'll build,
And there with Teare-fil'd Characters inroule
Those Bright Perfections that thy Life did guild;
The Grace-full Good that all thy Actions fil'd.
There shall my Loue thy sad Losse memorize,
When all the World shal cease to mind thy Obsequies.

Then deigne to take of the Obscurest Hand
These well-deserued Attributes of praise;
I know thy Trophies not the higher stand
Because my Hand desir'd thy Name to raise:
Faire Angelized Soule, these humble Laies
And worthlesse Numbers giue thy Light no luster,
But shew those Shapeles Woes that in my Bosom mustler.

MARY.





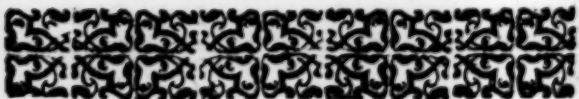
To her Soule-loued Sister,
M^{rs} E. M.

THOUGH *Marble*, nor the *Proudest* Monument,
Can Splendor adde to thy *Starre-crowned* Fame,
That now triumph'ſt about the Firmament,
Where Glorious Lights all Mortall Sparkes out-flame:
Yet deigne (*Sweet Saint*) t'accept theſe lines of mine,
Which here I offer at thy Sacred Shrine:

EPITAPH.

VVHo living was Her Sexes *ANADEM*,
Heau'ns faire *IDEA*, Natures rarer *GEM*,
Needs not the Luſtre of *DIVINEſT PRAISE*,
Tho *Golden Statues* *KINGS* to Her ſhould raiſe;
Since that Her Name is regiſtred on hyc,
In th'Happy *ANNALS* of *ETERNITY*.

ANNE GRAY.





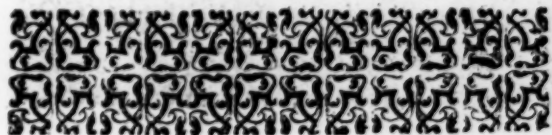
PARODIA.

SO downe the Siluer Streames of ERIDAN;
On either side bank't with a Lilly-wall,
Whiter then both, rides the Triumphant Swan,
And sings his Dirge, and prophesies his Fall,
Diving into his watry Funerall;
As SHE (whose Gold-beam'd fame shall neuer date)
Fore-warn'd in sleepe, did pre-diuiue her Fate.

So fairest *Phosphor* the bright Morning-starre,
But newly wash't in the Greene Element,
Before the drowzie Night is halfe aware,
Shooting his flaming Lockes with dew besprent,
Springs liuely vp into the ORIENT;
As Globes of Winged Angels, swift as Thought,
ELIZA'S Soule to her deare SAVIOVR brought;

E

Why

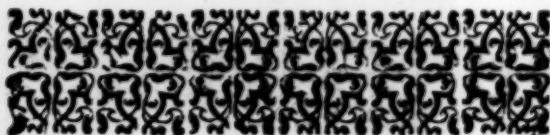


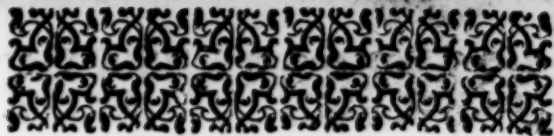


Why spend we Teares (that never can be spent)
On her that VALE of TEARES no more shall see?
Why send we Sighes (that never can be sent)
To her that dy'd to liue, and would *not be*,
To be there where she *would*? here bury we
This Heau'nly Earth; O let it softly sleepe :
„Let's not for Her, but for our owne Sinnes weepe.

Had I a voyce of Steele to tune my Song,
Were euery verse as smoothly fil'd as Glasse,
And euery Member turned to a Tongue,
And euery Tongue were made of sounding Brasse,
Yet all that Skill, and all that Strength, alas,
Should it presume to guild, were misadviz'd,
The Place, where now she reignes Imparadiz'd.

Impotent

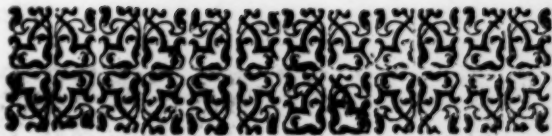




Impotent Words, weake Sides, that strue in vaine,
In vaine, t'emblazon that so heauenly Sight,
So Heau'nly Sight, as none can greater *feigne*,
Feigne what he can, that seemes of greatest Might,
Might any yet compare with Infinite?
Infinite sure those Ioyes, my words but light;
Light is the Palace where she dwelles. O Blessed Wight!

Blessed are the dead that dye in the Lord.

PENELOPE GREY.





TO THE SOVLE.

Perfections faire Idea, that art crown'd
With more rich Attributes of Excellence,
Than all the Wonders of this spacious Round;
Of more Regard, of Higher Consequence;
Aboue them all thou hast Preheminence,
In thy most pow'rfull Makers armes embrac'd,
And with his owne Endowments amply grac'd.

Iust, Holy, Righteous, Innocent and Wise:
Such is the Soule, Iehouahs sole belou'd;
These are the Lusters of her Sphary Eyes
That her to him vnparallel'd approu'd.
Angels, at this amazed, stand unmou'd
To see the Glories that do her indow,
As Heau'n it selfe to abiect Earth should bow.

Then





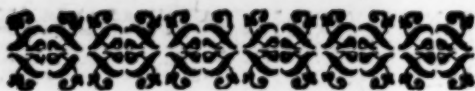
*Then banish hatefull Passion vnto Hell,
That vailes with Cupids Scarfe the clearest sight,
And doth True Iudgement from his Throne expell,
Circling with shades Heau'ns loue-deserving Light,
Making Obscurity then Day more bright.*

*Disdaine this seruile Toke of base Subiection,
For drossie Earth deserues not thy Affection.*

*Heau'ns brightest Abstract, canst thou condescend
These mundane vanities to meditate?
Why dost thou not thy best Devotions bend
Thy Mighty Makers Power to contemplate?
To Him, thy Loue and Seruice consecrate,
Whose euer-gratesfull Truth knowes no Defect,
But giues for Loue a more than deare Respect.*

Mary. q. G.





* * * * *

THe Church doth not solemnize the *Birth* of Saints; it makes the day of their *Death* a *Festiuall*: *Diem Fatalem, Natalem*; which is another kinde of Birth then the first; there being no more proportion betwixt the World out of which they goe, and Heauen whereinto they enter, then there is betwixt the Wombe out of which they goe, and the World whereinto they enter. Wee must drinke *This Cup* Ioyfully when God presents it. Christ himselfe, his blessed Virgin-Mother, all the Saints in Heauen haue begun to vs. Christians, that haue a firme hope (in Christ) of Eternall Life, should not bee skared with a Temporall Death. "God hath not appointed vs to wrath: but to obtaine saluation by our Lord Iesus Christ, who died for vs, that whether wee *Wake* or *Sleepe*, wee should liue together with Him.

1. Theff. 5.
9.10.

FINIS.

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